

## Santa visits the White House

O little town of Washington,  
how still we see thee lie.  
The sun has set on thine escalating debt;  
thy crime rate's at an all-time high.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
the everlasting Right:  
Some hopes, some fears and Middle Eastern tears  
are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how violently,  
the wondrous gift is giv'n;  
so voters plump for Donald Trump –  
and more for Hillary Clin'n.  
Yet due to the vag'ries of th'electoral-college-system  
Republicans have won.  
But not content with being president,  
Trump arrests Clint-on.

In the White House, Hillary  
is tied up by Donald Trump  
when, from behind, smoke billows, he goes blind  
and hears an awful thump.  
And there stands Santa in the fireplace –  
all red and white and black –  
with Trump's wish list screwed up in his clenched fist,  
and a sack swung across his back

'O, Ho Ho Ho. Mister Trump, you know  
what comes to naughty boys  
who cheat and lie, who scheme and try  
to denigrate the voters' choice.  
To Hillary I bring sympathy  
because she won the poll  
but as for you, you're selfish through and through –  
so here's a lump of coal.